An Easy Kind of Love

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An Easy Kind of Love

by Dormchi

Summary

Will opens the door and the concentrated scent of pheromones, sweat, and slick that wafts out nearly makes Hannibal fall to his knees. Confining Will to one room is arguably the worst mistake Hannibal has ever made. Maybe he should have just buried himself alive, instead of allowing himself to be manipulated by such a horrible creature.

Notes

So this takes place prior to the one-shot 'A Misunderstanding and a Murder'. I enjoyed writing this dynamic so much that I wanted to explore it further, hence this little gem came about. I also really miss writing smut. I'm rusty at it, but I had fun.

You know, I thought a lot about how Hannibal might act after they survive the fall, and I think he's just a huge sap where Will is concerned. He finally has Will entirely to himself. Don't judge me. I just want them to be happy so my heart can stop hurting.

The working title for this was 'Hannibal Thinks He Can Stay Away From Will and Isn't That Adorable'. Not beta'd, so sorry for any mistakes!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal might say that settling into a life with Will in Belize was easy.

It felt that way, as all of the pieces of their new identities, new lives, and new beginning fell into place. They arrived three weeks after surviving the fall and took up residence in the villa that Hannibal purchased under a false name years before he met Will. It's modest by his usual standards, but private enough and outfitted with a custom kitchen that rivals the one in his Baltimore home.

This will do for now, he thought as he helped Will carry their bags inside. Maybe he would try to convince Will to move with him to the house in Norway when they grow bored with Belize.

The first few weeks are simple. They sleep in separate bedrooms, eat their meals together, and find ways to keep occupied while they wait for their names to fall lower on the FBI priority list. Most importantly, they focus on healing and regaining their strength on solid ground. The house came with an extensive collection of books on out of body experiences and life after death, so Hannibal reads them to pass the time and pretends that he doesn't want to spread Will out like an offering and consume him in a (mostly) figurative sense.

He's so sorely in love with Will Graham that it permeates every part of him and he tells himself that he would be satisfied with nothing more than this. Anything that Will gives him is enough.

"What are you reading?" Will asks, leaning against the doorway with his head tilted to the side.

Hannibal looks up at Will and lifts the book so he can see the cover. Will reads the title aloud. "Out of Body Experiences: How to Use OBE to Relive Your Past Lives."

He smiles at the sour face Will makes and sets the book down on the table next to him. "Are you hungry, Will? I can make lunch."

“Starving,” Will agrees with a grateful smile, and Hannibal thinks that maybe the omega came to find him with the hope that Hannibal would offer to cook for him. Wishful thinking on his part, but not impossible.

Hannibal follows Will to the kitchen and opens their fridge, taking a quick look at what fresh food they have left. He removes a half pound of bacon wrapped in wax paper and what’s left of the bean sprouts, setting them on the countertop. A tomato and an avocado join the ingredients as he moves about the kitchen.

Will leans against the counter, crossing his arms over his chest. “Hannibal.”

“Hm?”

“Are you making us BLTs?”

“Yes,” Hannibal agrees easily, unwrapping the package of bacon. “Unless you have a special request.”

Will shakes his head and seems to struggle to hide his amusement. “No, no. It’s just unexpectedly domestic of you.”

“I hope to never stop surprising you, Will.”

The bacon goes into a pan on the stove once it’s heated and when Hannibal turns around, he sees Will is already slicing the avocado. The sleeves of his flannel are rolled up and his curls fall forward as he focuses on his work. Unexpectedly domestic, indeed.

“It’s dangerous to leave a chef with idle hands in his own kitchen,” Hannibal warns good-naturedly, standing just behind Will as he reaches around him to grab the loaf of bread. Despite his better judgement, he can’t help but scent Will as he leans forward.

Sage, spices, teak and oil, salt water…

What is that?

So subtle and barely there at all, a sweet tinge of something almost entirely overpowered by Will's other scents.

"Will, are you close to starting your heat cycle?" Hannibal asks.

He sees Will's entire body tense up.

Will shakes his head dismissively, but stares too intently at the tomato he had started slicing for Hannibal to be fooled. "That's impossible. I was on suppressants for 18 years."

"And you haven't taken them since we survived the fall from the cliff."

Hannibal remembers the smell of Will's suppressants vividly. They masked all of his natural scents with something that some people might call 'hospital smell', a combination of sickness and the chemicals used to keep it at bay. He hated it, but could never say as much to Will. Instead he had commented on his aftershave and left it at that.

"There's no way that my body could detox enough in two months for me to start my heat cycle again," Will says, his voice faltering. He stops cutting the tomato, knife hovering over its red skin. "They were the strongest I could be prescribed legally."

Hannibal walks away from Will then, in case he's the immediate reason for Will's distress and, if he's being honest, to avoid the possibility of being stabbed. He tends to the bacon sizzling on the stove, flipping pieces that need to be. He wants to let this go, for Will's sake, but his nose hasn't failed him before. The fact that Will is mere days away from experiencing his first heat in 18 years is troubling.

“You’re still of childbearing age, Will. Close proximity to an alpha on a daily basis could have motivated your body to return to its natural state,” Hannibal says in as clinical a voice as he can manage.

“I don’t need a lesson in biology, Dr. Lecter.” Will’s anger is palpable, filling the space between them like thick smoke. The omega inhales deeply and tilts his head back to look at the ceiling, then sets the knife down on the cutting board.

“I’m not hungry anymore.”

Hannibal turns to watch Will leave and doesn’t say anything. He decides he’ll make two sandwiches regardless and save one for Will, for when he calms down and regains his appetite. The bacon is set off to the side once it finishes cooking and Hannibal looks to the counter behind him, picking up where Will left off.

As he slices, he considers their options. After suppressing his heats for so long, Will’s upcoming cycle could be mild and short or excruciating and lengthy. Something in between, maybe. If Hannibal’s nose wasn’t as sensitive as it is, they might have had hours instead of days to prepare. The ideal situation would be to give Will full reign of the house for a few days and for Hannibal to distance himself, but some part of him refuses to do that unless Will requests it of him.

The other completely inadvisable option is for Will to lock himself in his room and for Hannibal to stay.

Regardless of Hannibal’s feelings on the matter, it’s ultimately Will’s decision. But that will have to wait until Will is calm, reasonable, and fed.

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“What is all that?” Will asks the next day when Hannibal comes back from the hardware store, gesturing towards the bag the alpha is holding.

“Locks,” Hannibal replies, closing the door behind him and setting the bag down on the table in their entryway. “For your bedroom door.”

“Will you be installing these?” Will asks innocently. Hannibal purses his lips and Will’s face splits with a grin. “Alright. I’m installing these.”

“I’ve got a few more errands to run tonight to make sure your room is equipped with everything you may need.”

Will follows as Hannibal walks towards the kitchen. Hannibal wants to distance himself from Will, already feeling unbalanced and distracted by the divine smell of the omega nearing heat, but he’s afraid no amount of space between them could stop him from returning to Will’s side. He’s caught in Will’s gravity with little hope or desire to escape.

“Are you hungry?” Hannibal turns the water on at the sink to wash his hands and looks over his shoulder at Will expectantly.

Seemingly lost in thought, it takes Will a few long moments to respond. “No, thank you.”

Will had spent most of the afternoon and the evening in his room with the door shut. He only came out for a hour or so to sit in the study and talk to Hannibal. Sitting across from Will like that felt reminiscent of their talks in his office, back when he wanted so badly for the dark, hidden places in Will’s mind to open to him.

They talked about all of the options and Will outright refused Hannibal’s idea to leave and perhaps hire a capable beta attendant for the duration of Will’s heat. Some part of Hannibal was relieved. Every other part knew him as a fool.

“I’m not ready for this,” Will says suddenly, drawing Hannibal out of his thoughts. The omega smiles and it’s a humorless, pitiful thing. “I’m just waiting for my body to turn on me.”

“You tried so long to deny and control the nature of what you are,” Hannibal observes, and he can see in Will’s eyes that he knows the alpha isn’t only referring to his chronic use of suppressants. “It’s natural to feel like your body is betraying you when you can’t remember how it should normally function.”

“It scares me, Hannibal. Terrifies me.”

Hannibal dries his hands on a kitchen towel and lays it neatly back in its place when he’s done. On his way out of the kitchen, he squeezes Will’s shoulder briefly to offer some small measure of comfort. “You’ll live through this, Will. I’ll do everything I can to make it more bearable for you.”

As he sits down in the study to sketch, his thoughts linger unbidden on the way Will sighed and leaned ever so slightly into his touch.

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When Hannibal wakes the next morning, he knows that Will is in heat before he opens his eyes. He could call it a new sense of his, this hyper awareness of Will and what Will is. He climbs out of bed and all it takes is him lingering a few moments in front of Will’s door to know that he was right.

Even with the walls and door between them, he can hear muffled panting and moaning coming from inside. There isn’t much of a scent yet, mostly contained within the room, but Hannibal imagines after a day or two it will seep from under the door like smoke in a house fire.

After dinner last night he made a trip into San Pedro for the last thing that Will might need. There are very few adult shops in their immediate area, but he eventually located one and spent more time than he’d ever admit considering what size, shape, and texture Will might prefer in a dildo.

Will installed the locks, all five of them, while Hannibal was gone, and his face turned the most attractive shade of red when he realized what was in the black shopping bag that

Hannibal handed him.

A frustrated noise from Will pulls Hannibal out of his thoughts and he continues on his way towards the kitchen to make coffee.

For most of the morning and afternoon, Hannibal is left to his own devices. He makes himself breakfast, checks for any news pertaining to himself or Will (he's only slightly disappointed to find nothing), and sketches while listening to *The Tales of Hoffmann* in its entirety. Around lunch, Hannibal prepares food for himself and for Will, in case he feels like eating. He leaves the plate on the table and sends a message to Will.

Lunch is ready. Let me know if you're going to come out and I'll stay in the study.

For several hours, nothing happens and the food goes untouched.

It feels too much like Will is gone.

Towards the end of the day, Hannibal picks up *Out of Body Experiences: How to Use OBE to Relive Your Past Lives* and forces himself to read a few chapters. It's awful and the author is beyond insufferable, someone that Hannibal would like to eat if they ever met, but he needs something to distract himself with. Sketching is doing him no favors when his hand only desires to draw Will.

Someday, when he takes Will to Norway (or Cuba, he hasn't decided yet), he plans on going back to work, psychology or something else, just to keep his mind active. In that new place, he imagines that Will could work if he wanted to or he could fish or he could adopt seven dogs. Whatever would make him happy.

Around 8 pm, Will messages Hannibal.

Dinner?

There's lunch in the fridge and dinner on the table, Hannibal replies, the book in his hands entirely forgotten.

I'm coming out in 10.

Hannibal stands and as an afterthought, unbuttons the vest that he's been wearing all day. He lays it carefully over the back of his chair, rolls up his sleeves, and heads to the kitchen. The prospect of Will feeling well enough to eat something makes Hannibal feel strangely relieved. He takes a few minutes to reheat Will's dinner and arrange it on the table with silverware.

As Hannibal walks back to the study, he sniffs once and the scent is strong and unmistakable. He stops in the hallway, the hairs on the back of his neck rising.

The smell hadn't been in the kitchen or living room, which means Will went in the opposite direction towards the study. Hannibal keeps quiet as he walks towards the room, unsure of what to expect when he crosses the threshold.

No Will, just the awful book he left behind and--

Ah.

His vest is gone.

--

On the second day of Will's heat, Hannibal takes his coffee onto the balcony and watches the sunrise with mild disinterest, a gentle breeze that smells of the ocean flirting with strands of his hair. It's growing too long for his tastes, but he can't bring himself to cut it for whatever

reason. As he drinks his coffee, he thinks of Will and hopes that he managed to sleep, but he sincerely doubts the omega was able to.

Throughout the morning he sends a few messages reminding Will to drink water and asking him if he needs anything, but they all go unanswered. He stops in front of Will's door on his way to make lunch, just to listen for sounds of life from inside. When Hannibal leans close to the door, he hears rustling and soft moans, which is enough for him to assume that Will is surviving. He lingers just shy of too long before forcing himself to head towards the study.

Hannibal receives a message from Will just before dinner and checks it, assuming that the omega is going to ask for something he needs or let him know he's leaving the room.

I hurt myself

Please help

Hannibal sets the book he was reading on the table and walks too quickly to Will's room, knocking firmly on the door.

"Will? Do I need to call a doctor?" Hannibal asks, hopefully loud enough for Will to hear him. Enough time goes by that he thinks Will must not have, so he knocks again.

One by one, Hannibal hears the locks on the door open.

Don't do this, Will.

Will opens the door and the concentrated scent of pheromones, sweat, and slick that wafts out nearly makes Hannibal fall to his knees. Confining Will to one room is arguably the worst mistake Hannibal has ever made. Maybe he should have just buried himself alive, instead of allowing himself to be manipulated by such a horrible creature.

“Close the door and lock it, Will.” They’re the most difficult words that Hannibal has ever had to say and he knows immediately that Will has no intention of obeying them.

“Please,” Will says, face flushed from fever, curls sticking to his forehead and the sides of his face with sweat, voice ashamed and tearful, “*help me*.”

Something base and primitive inside of Hannibal snaps like elastic stretched too far.

Will turns on his heel and runs into the room, with Hannibal close behind. It’s not the chase that either of them needs, and there is no challenge when Hannibal uses his weight to bend Will over the bed and pin him there, using both hands to rip at the omega’s slick-soaked boxers. He tears through the fabric and lets it fall to the floor, and he feels the wetness on Will’s ass and thighs paint the front of his slacks as he mindlessly thrusts forward.

Will looks over his shoulder, panting and shifting himself closer to Hannibal as much as the alpha will allow. “*Please*.”

Hannibal’s heart pounds wildly in his chest as he frees his cock and wraps his fingers around it, guiding it to the cleft of Will’s ass. He ruts once against it, through the slick and sweat gathered there, and as he pulls back, he lines himself up with Will’s hole and thrusts inside.

The sound that Will makes as Hannibal pushes into him can only be described as pornographic.

“Thank you,” Will moans obscenely, entire body going slack with primal relief.

Will’s body is like a furnace, the velvet heat of his insides welcoming Hannibal’s cock like it has always belonged there. Hannibal stays just like that for what feels like too long but is no more than seconds, lost in the sensation of being so deep inside of the omega. Will’s body shakes beneath him, and as he pulls out and thrusts back in, Will trembles violently and comes between his stomach and the bed.

Hannibal fucks him through the tight clench around his cock, *growling* against Will's back when he feels his knot begin to expand. He thrusts until he can't safely pull out anymore, and bites down on Will's shoulder hard enough to break the skin as he comes.

For several minutes they stay just like that. Hannibal watches what he can see of Will's face, waiting patiently for the omega to recover.

"You're heavy," Will says quietly, his voice and expression unreadable.

"I admit I didn't plan for the aftermath accordingly," Hannibal replies, brushing back damp strands of hair from Will's forehead. "Are you alright, Will?"

Will doesn't look at Hannibal, but the alpha can feel his tension like a blanket over them. If Will asks him to leave, he will as soon as he's able to do so without hurting the both of them. If Will wants him to stay, then he'll stay.

"I didn't want our first time together to be like this." Will squeezes his eyes shut. Tears leak from the corners. "I tried so hard not to open the door, Hannibal, but I couldn't.... I *can't*."

"Never feel ashamed to be who you are, Will," Hannibal soothes, wiping at the corner of Will's eye with his thumb. "Your biology does not make you weak. Quite the opposite, in fact."

Hannibal's words seem to mollify Will for the time being. They rest against each other for the better part of ten minutes, until Hannibal is finally able to pull his knot free. Will bites his lower lip and whimpers as the alpha slides out.

Hannibal takes a step back from Will and inhales deeply to steady himself. It's the only step he manages to take before Will reaches blindly for him, grabbing at Hannibal's shirt to keep him there. All around him is the fragrance of Will's heat, and he's no less affected by it after his orgasm.

Will sighs into the comforter, says his next words so quietly that Hannibal almost doesn't hear them.

"I need you again."

The words make the muscles in Hannibal's stomach clench painfully. He runs the palm of his hand over Will's flank and revels in the way Will arches towards him, lean and beautiful.

"Climb onto the bed," Hannibal instructs him, lifting his hand from Will's side so he can remove his clothes before they're ruined beyond hope.

Will nods and does as he's asked, crawling onto the bed and presenting himself on his hands and knees. When Hannibal follows and settles just behind Will, he can see the fine tremors in Will's thighs, feel the fevered heat radiating from his skin. Before Will has an idea of what Hannibal will do, the alpha hooks his arm around the tops of Will's thighs, palms one ass cheek to spread it, and licks a broad stripe from Will's perineum to his stretched, tender hole that's vibrant red and slick as a mouth.

Will's body jerks like it's been electrified and he fights against Hannibal's hold, crying out over and over as Hannibal licks him where he's most sensitive. Bitter flavors mix on Hannibal's tongue, on his lips, sweat and slick and his own come. It's the most unique thing he's ever had the privilege of tasting, and he enjoys Will this way for longer than he means to, until Will shudders and comes in thick spurts on the bed sheets.

Hannibal rolls the omega onto his back before he's done with his orgasm, lines up with Will's hole (which despite the way Hannibal so thoroughly cleaned him, is dripping wet again), and pushes inside him until he's fully sheathed.

"*Oh*." Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist, bracketing the alpha between his thighs, and pulls Hannibal down into an open-mouthed kiss. Kissing Will is something that Hannibal immediately wants more of, always, to swallow Will's moans and his sighs and his breath for the rest of his life.

When they break apart, Hannibal lowers himself over Will's body as he thrusts into him again and again, pushing his nose into Will's sweat dampened curls. Will's nails bite into Hannibal's shoulders, surely breaking the skin and drawing blood with them from how hard he holds on.

Hannibal's knot swells as he thrusts and he gradually comes to halt, gritting his teeth as he comes for the second time inside of Will. Both of their chests heave as they try to catch their breath, locked together in the afterglow.

As he comes down from the initial high of his orgasm, Hannibal wraps his arms around Will and rolls them over, both men wincing slightly as his knot tugs at the rim of Will's hole. Will is lighter than Hannibal, so the change in position proves more comfortable to stay in while they wait.

"Do you think you might be able to sleep?" Hannibal asks, combing his fingers through Will's hair.

"Are you worried about me, Dr. Lecter?" Will counters with a small smile, resting his chin on Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal feels elated, peaceful and completely in love. As he cups Will's flushed cheek and meets his eyes, brilliant blue eyes that see him so clearly, he hopes that Will feels even a fraction of the same for him.

"I find you occupy my thoughts often."

Will hums and lays his head down, seemingly satisfied with Hannibal's answer.

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Will's heat lasts for just shy of two more days and by the end of it, Hannibal actively wishes he was a younger man. He's able to keep up with Will's needs without issue, but the toll it

takes on his body is one he feels deep in his muscles and bones. The last time he entertained an omega in heat was over twenty years prior, when he was living in Florence and at the height of his infamy as *Il Mostro*.

The benefit to being with Will for those two days was being able to encourage him to stay hydrated and eat, though getting him to allow Hannibal to leave the room had been difficult at first. They'd fallen back into bed twice more before Will fell asleep, and despite wanting to wrap himself around Will and never leave, it gave Hannibal two hours to prepare food that was easily stored and readily available.

Will's fever breaks in the early morning and Hannibal sleeps deeper than he ever has with Will pressed against his side.

When Hannibal wakes, Will is already awake and watching him with clear blue eyes that Hannibal loves. They're both bruised and sore and filthy, but Hannibal doesn't know how he could be happier in that moment.

"Your escape plan was to wait until I was ready to let you out."

It's the first thing that Will says to him after two days in bed together and it's not what Hannibal expected. He doesn't bother to hold back his rare laughter, only laughing harder when Will pinches one of Hannibal's nipples viciously and looks very put out. He suspects the omega will never stop being surprising either.

"It worked out," Hannibal says nonchalantly, unable to contain an amused smile.

"How did you know I would ever be ready?" The words *for you* go unspoken, but Hannibal hears them all the same.

"I didn't." Hannibal kisses Will's forehead and gently pets his hair. "I only hoped."

Will’s nose wrinkles, maybe realizing how ripe they smell and how sticky they are. They had managed two showers together, but it barely helped. “We should probably burn this bed.”

“Sleep in mine tonight.”

“Just tonight?”

“Every night.”

“That’s better.”

End Notes

You can reach out to me on tumblr if you wish! I'm Dormchi there as well.

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